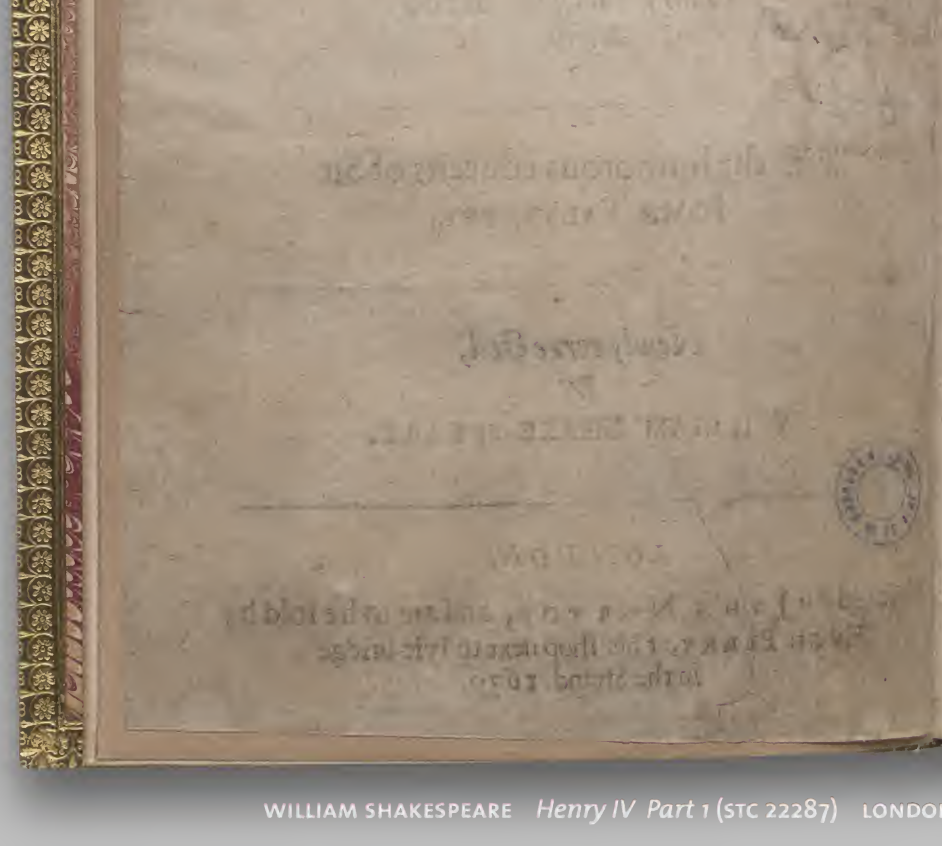

THE
HISTORY O
the Fo

Enter the King, Lord *Jo*
of *Weſtmerland*

Kin

SO ſhaken as we are, ſ
Finde we a time for f
And breath ſhort-wi
To be commenc't in ſt
No more the thirſty e
Shall dawbe his lips with her ow
No more ſhall trenching Warre
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the a
Of hoſtile paſes : thoſe oppoſed e
Which like the Meteors of a trou
All one nature, of one ſubſtance bre
Did lately meete in the inteſtine
And furious cloſe of civill butcher
Shall now in naturall wel-beſeem
March all one way, and be no mor
Againſt acquintance, kindred and
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſ
No more ſhall cut his Maſter : th
As farre as to the Sepulchre of C
Whoſe Souldiers now, under wh
We are impreſſed and engag'd to
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſ
Whoſe armes were moulded in t
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe h
Over whoſe acres walkt thoſe bl

A